XX.

Then *ſnarl* no more: you'll ne'er get *in*:
Stateſmen paid off, [muſt well *careen*
E're *fit* again for Duty.
Contentment is the wiſe man's Gem:
And *that* you'll always find——hem——hem——
In Lady E—t—r's Beauty.

XXI.

Bleſs me! *Vox Populi* not here?
Be not ſurpriz'd he can't appear;
His abſence is no wonder;
For (if we credit his * own word)
He *now* is ſharp'ning *Michael*'s ſword,
To cleave the Dev'l aſunder.

XXII.

Thus ends our Farce: the Curtain down:
Newcaſtle's Smiles aſſenting own
Our Scenes are writ with Spirit:
Happy the Scenes! can pleaſe his *Grace*:
No Verſe *may* hope a greater Praiſe,
Or ſtronger Proof of Merit.

† See the *Third Letter to the People*, Page 58.

BRITISH MUSEUM

F I N I S.

THE

RAPE of the VINEYARD:

OR,

MOCK-HEROIC STANZAS

ON THE

MOCK-HEROIC-EXPEDITION.

Dedicated to the

Right Honourable *W*—— *P*—*t*, Esquire.

Deliver us from Evil.

LONDON:

Printed for J. COOKE and J. COOTE, at the *King's Arms*, oppoſite *Devereux Court*, in the *Strand*.

M DCC LVII.

To the Reader.

AS the People in high Life *will probably be ignorant* from whence *we have taken our* Motto, *we think it proper to* inform them, *that it is from the* LORD'S PRAYER.

Vide the Liturgy.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

Page 8, Line 20, for *Notion*, read *Motion*. P. 7, L. 1, for *stop*, read *soft*. P. 8, L. 9, for *angry*, read *quarral*.

TO THE

Right Honourable *W——m P—t*, Eſq;

SIR,

WHEN I caſt my Eyes on this Epiſtle Dedicatory, and conſider the trifling Verſes which are to follow, methinks it looks like a ſpacious Hall, by way of Entrance to a paltry Cloſet; or to come yet nearer to my Subject, I cannot help regarding it in the Light of that violent Fuſs, preparative to our Secret Expedition, which has ſo lately ended, contrary to the general Expectation, in nothing.

But certain it is, Sir, that I could not have taken a better Method to make my Verſes ſell; as an Addreſs to you will immediately be conjectured into a Panegyrick, or a Satyr; that is to ſay (according to the modern Explication of the Terms) into the moſt ſervile Flattery, or the groſſeſt Abuſe; in either of which Capacities it will not fail to be ſought after by one Party or other.

If this is the Caſe then, Is the Station of an *Engliſh* Miniſter ſo much to be envy'd? Surely no: Since he is only exalted like one in a Pillory, to be pelted from all Sides, even by his very Friends; only with this Difference, that they deal in a Dirt of a ſofter kind; but at preſent, Sir, you may depend upon it, that you ſhall not meet with what I am perſuaded as an honeſt Man you hold in equal Contempt, and what no honeſt Man will ever preſume to offer you.

It has been obſerv'd, that when *Empires* are upon the *decline* (and that they are *temporary*, as well as every other *ſublunary Thing*, indubitable Experience can teſtify) it has been obſerv'd, I ſay, that ſome *great* and *worthy Citizen* has every now and then ſtood up to protract *its Ruin*; and (as if it was ſo ordain'd by Providence, ſufficiently to prepare the Event) to make it in its *Fall* gradual as it had been in its *riſing*. Thus the States of *Greece*, and *Rome*, had at different Periods their ſeveral Preſervers; and thus had *Britain*, in the *Day of its Deſolation*, Mr. *Pit*, who came like another *Judas*, not *Iſcariot* to betray, but *Maccabeus* to ſave.

And perhaps, Sir, no *Champion*, in ſo glorious a Cauſe, ever yet appear'd more *eminently diſtinguiſh'd* than *yourſelf*; who, in an *Age* like this of *Pravity* and *Folly*, when *Self-intereſt* is the general Mark; and the *Spirit of Patriotiſm* either Brow-beat, or treated as chimerical, have riſen with ſuch *egregious Abilities*; a *private Character*, which even the Impudence of Party dare not attack; who have openly approved yourſelf above the *Luſt of Lucre*, and only wiſhing to *ſhare* in the *Rule* of your *Country*, to make you the better enabled *to ſerve it*.

Your late Scheme, Sir, had juſtly added another Ray to your Glory: But truly now, if by that Scheme you only meant (in Imitation

tion of *the Romans of old*, who you ſeem to *emulate* in all your other *Actions*) to amuſe the *People* with a *naval Show*, upon your *Entrance* on your new *Employment*; methinks it would have better tally'd with a true magnificent Spirit, to have *built an Amphitheatre on purpoſe*.

But who is it ſhall preſume to ſay this? why ſuch Talkers there are—but I verily believe, only People who will rather ſay any thing than be ſilent.—And on the other hand, Sir, who but muſt feel the ſharpeſt Vexation, to ſee what was, in all Appearance, ſo nobly calculated by you for Succeſs, render'd abortive, thro' the Incapacity, to give it no worſe a Name, of thoſe who were employ'd in the Execution of it. For if the Enterprize was impracticable, Why was it undertaken?—It is thoſe Gentlemen, then, who muſt expect to become the Objects of the public Indignation and Ridicule.

And ſhall *England* be overcome; nay, not overcome, but frighten'd by *France*, with ſuch a Fleet — with ſuch an Army—the Superb—the Invincible—But does this Fleet, and this Army, really deſerve the Encomiums which are paſs'd upon them; or is the firſt a *bluſtring Bully*, without any real *Danger*, but to thoſe who *confide in it for Defence*; and the laſt a motley Monſter, made up at the *Head* and *Tail* of a Pack of *old Women* and *Boys*, one Moiety of whom ought to be ſent to *School*, and the other to the *Hoſpital*, while the *Middle* conſiſts of a Set of *Sparks*, who, after having been ſix Months, or perhaps ſix Years in Commiſſion, call themſelves *Martinets* forſooth, becauſe in that Time they have happily acquired the *Knowledge* of their *right Hands* from their *Left*; and by a Set of *Phraſes* learn'd by *Rote*, can make a poor Fellow go *the round about Way to do every Thing*.

Now, Sir, that every laudable *Deſign*, at once the Product of the *ſtrongeſt Head*, and *the honeſteſt Heart*, which you may hereafter conceive for your *own Honour*, and your *Country*'s, may be conducive to *both*, is the ſincere Wiſhes of him, who is proud to ſubſcribe himſelf

Your moſt devoted Admirer.

MOCK-HEROIC STANZAS
ON THE
MOCK-HEROIC-EXPEDITION.

I.

WHAT Theme ſhall I ſing,
Now my Muſe is on Wing?
Say *Phœbus!* and grant my Petition.
Why what to be ſure,
You ignorant Boor,
But the *Secret*, the *Grand* Expedition.

II.

Oh Lord I forgot!
Ay truly, Why not?
But firſt give me Leave to come near 'em.
Well Maſters! what e'er
The *French* might, I ſwear
The *Britons* had Reaſon to *fear 'em.*

III.

At yon little Iſle,
In the News-Paper Stile,
What Tranſports was every Sprite in!
They *Danc'd* it ſo gay,
I fancy that *Way*
They *waſted their Spirits* for *Fighting.*

IV.

Or, as it was ſaid,
By a certain ſly Blade,
Who loves to be jeſting and funning,
So Horſes we *treat*,
On the Eve of a Heat,
To make 'em the fitter for *running.*

V.

But now ſprings the Gale,
And our Forces ſet Sail,
And *what* were they like? not to wrong 'em:
Sure every Bark,
Reſembled the *Ark*,
But they wanted the *eight Men* among 'em.

VI.

Quick, quick, call them back;
Fye! to ſend ſuch a Pack!
The Scandal! the Shame of the Nation:
Improper to *roam*,
Still keep them at *Home*,
They may do to prevent an *Invaſion*.

VII.

So Scare-crows oft *ſuit*,
To preſerve People's *Fruit*,
And have frighted each *Bird* that has *ſeen 'em*;
But bid them go *out*,
To *forage about*,
And the *Devil a Good* will be in 'em.

VIII.

Hah! What's that I ſee?
Magnanime! Ramillie!
Oh, *Names* to my Senſes diſcordant:
One looks like a *Jeer*,
And *what Churchill* made dear,
Grows hated thro' *B—g* and thro'

IX.

Now great Expectation,
Inſpires all the Nation,
Prepare Pipe, Drum, Trumpet, and Tabor!
To celebrate quick,
A *Mountain* is ſick,
And a *Mouſe* is the Fruit of her Labour.

X.

X.

But ſtop ye awhile,
They have taken an *Iſle*,
'Twas glorious by Jupiter *Ammon*:
Nay, Sirs, you may ſtare,
But the *Grapes*, look ye there!
Will prove it a New *Land of Canaan*.

XI.

But ſuch Haſte to come back!
Do you wonder? Good lack!
And call it Fear, Folly, or Treaſon;
The Plays were begun,
And the Opera's ſoon,
Would too be commencing their Seaſon.

XII.

Beſides, 'twas a Part,
Very *prudent* my Heart,
Nay Faith I ſpeak totally Mirthleſs;
They ſav'd *their Lives*, true;
Oh, the *Miſers* cry you,
To be *Niggard* of *Matters* ſo *Worthleſs*.

XIII.

And what were they for,
Thoſe damn'd Council's of War,
If Soldiers could think 'twere a Wonder;
But thus they would ſhew,
How ſolemn they go,
About the committing a Blunder.

XIV.

But *Heads* my dear Friends,
That for different *Ends*,
Were deſign'd; 'tis in vain to be Raking:
The *Wares* that are *made*,
For the *Run* of a *Trade*,
Have ſeldom much Work in the *Making*.

XV.